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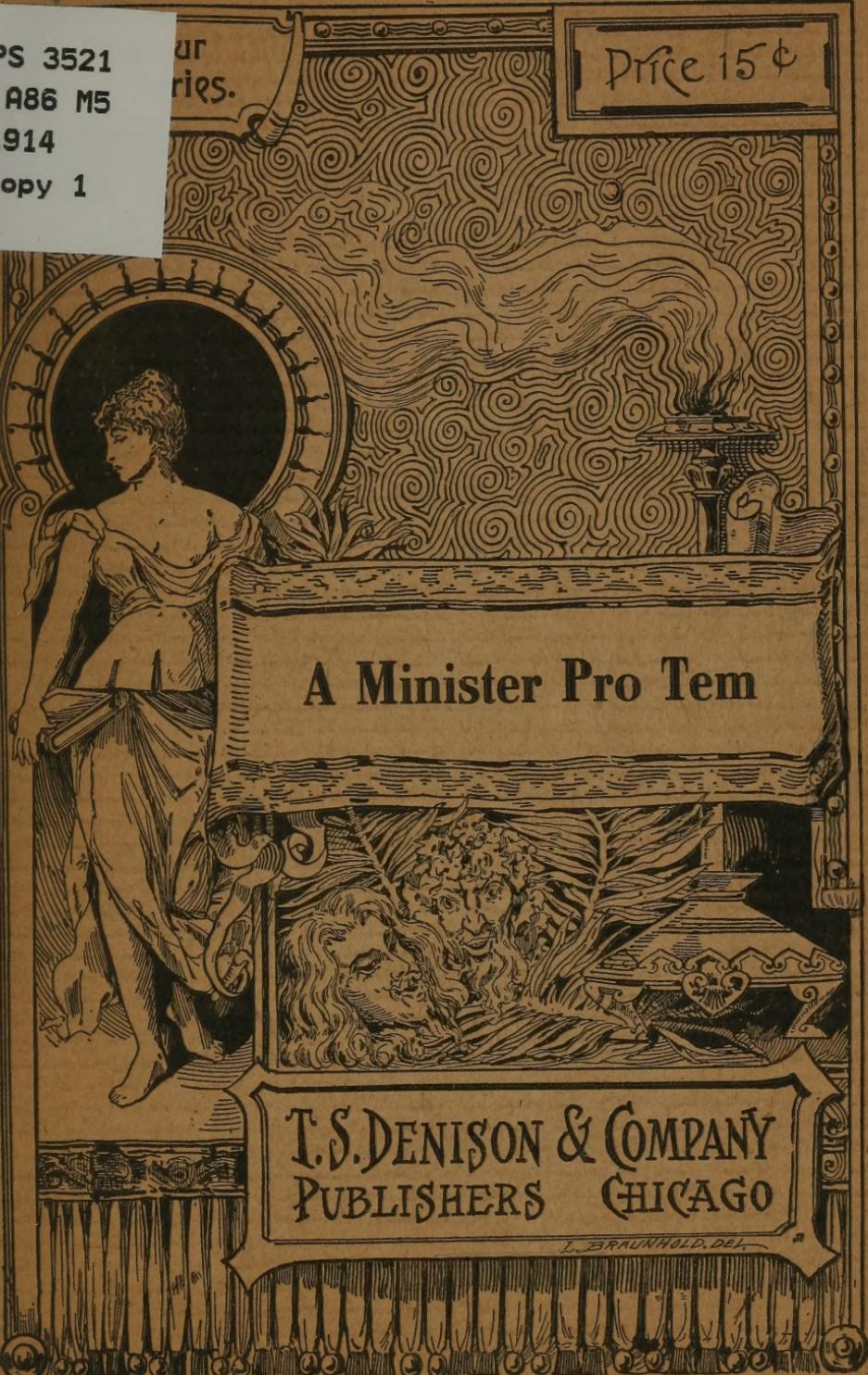
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A Minister Pro Tem



T.S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO

L. BRAUNHOLD, DEL.

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T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

A MINISTER PRO TEM

A COMEDIETTA

BY

KATHARINE KAVANAUGH

AUTHOR OF

"Who's a Coward," "Countess Kate," "When the Worm Turned,"
"The Queen of Diamonds," "Under Blue Skies," Etc.



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
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[1914]

A MINISTER PRO TEM

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CHARACTERS.

JOSEPH SANTLY	<i>The Father</i>
REV. WILLIAM SANTLY.....	<i>The Nephew</i>
JACK GORDON	<i>The Burglar</i>
MIKE FLANNIGAN	<i>The Officer</i>
PEGGY SANTLY	<i>The Daughter</i>
BIDDY MAGUIRE	<i>The Cook</i>

TIME—*Evening.*

PLACE—*Joseph Santly's Home.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*Twenty Minutes.*

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no.

COSTUMES.

JOSEPH SANTLY—Made up as elderly gentleman of moderate means.

REV. WILLIAM SANTLY—A pale, delicate looking minister with an effeminate manner.

JACK GORDON—A dark-haired, good looking young man, dressed in plain dark suit.

MIKE FLANNIGAN—An officer's uniform.

PEGGY SANTLY—A simple house dress for girl of eighteen.

BIDDY MAGUIRE—A house wrapper and apron with a bit of green ribbon at her throat.

PROPERTIES.

Suit case, containing Minister's garb. Letter. Package of stage money, wrapped. Tray with tea service. Bell to ring off stage.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance, up stage, etc.; *D. F.*, door in flat or scene running back of the stage; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights; *1 G.*, first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

A MINISTER PRO TEM

SCENE: *The living room in the home of JOSEPH SANTLY. Room nicely furnished though not elaborately. Doors R. U. E. and L. U. E. A window C. draped with portieres. Window open. A reading table and lamp, R. C., with a few books or magazines. A chair L. side of table. A Morris chair L. C. Other furniture to help dress the stage.*

At rise of curtain JOSEPH SANTLY is seated at table R. C. reading. PEGGY is curled up in the Morris chair reading and eating chocolates from a box on her lap.

The door bell rings. PEGGY looks up but then goes on with her reading. Bell rings again.

JOSEPH SANTLY (*looking up from paper*). Wasn't that the bell, Peggy?

PEGGY. Yes, father. (*Getting up.*) I wonder where Biddy is? (*Bell rings again.*) Oh, I suppose I shall have to go. (*Exits L. U. E., almost immediately returns with a suit case and a letter.*) Father, look. A suit case and a letter addressed to you. (*Gives letter to SANTLY.*)

SANTLY (*looks at letter*). Well, it looks like someone is coming to visit us.

PEGGY. Goodness, I hope not, with Biddy behaving so badly.

SANTLY (*has opened letter*). Oh, what a surprise. The note is from my nephew, the Rev. William Santly. He is going to spend a day "in our midst," and will give himself the pleasure of a visit.

PEGGY. "In our midst." Is that the way he put it?

SANTLY (*looking at letter*). Those are his words.

PEGGY. I know exactly what he looks like, though I've never seen him in my life.

SANTLY (*putting the letter on table*). And I haven't seen him since he was a little tacker. My recollection of him, though, is a fair-haired, delicate looking child.

PEGGY. A sort of a "sissy."

SANTLY. Now, don't prejudice your mind against him before he arrives. From the tone of his letter he will be with us only a day or so. It seems he is attending some meeting or conference here in—

PEGGY. "Our midst."

SANTLY (*laugh*). Exactly. He sent his suit case by a messenger from the station and he has stopped at the Rev. Jones' parsonage to pay a call. He will then come here.

PEGGY. And Biddy on the rampage.

SANTLY. What seems to be the trouble with her now?

PEGGY. Same old trouble. She has been imbibing too freely.

SANTLY. Then we must discharge her.

PEGGY. You can't, Daddy. She will discharge herself a dozen times a day, but let anyone else try to discharge her—well, it simply can't be done. Besides, she is so good when she is sober.

BIDDY (*off stage R., singing*). Oh, th' ha-arp that once thru' Tarra-rarar's halls—

PEGGY (*looks off to R.*). Gracious! Here she comes. (*Return down stage L. SANTLY remains at table R.*)

Enter BIDDY from R. U. E.

BIDDY (*stopping her song as she reaches C.*). Top of the avenin' to ye. I've come to give me notice.

SANTLY. What—again?

PEGGY. Nonsense, Biddy. You can't leave us now. We are expecting company.

BIDDY. Divil a hair I care. I'll not stay in any house that don't have corn beef and cabbage once a week.

SANTLY. Biddy, you've been drinking again.

BIDDY. Indade, now. And how could you tell it?

SANTLY. By your behaviour. It seems to me you are always leaving at the wrong time. I am expecting my nephew, Rev. William Santly, to spend a day or two with us, and here you are discharging yourself the very hour he is coming.

BIDDY. And do ye think I'll stay here and cook for a

minister? Indade, I'll do nothing of the kind. I go, bag and baggage, this very night.

SANTLY. Very well. Pack you things and get out within the hour.

BIDDY. What was that?

SANTLY. I say get your things together and leave. You are discharged. Do you understand? Discharged.

BIDDY. Discharged, am I? Well, we'll see about that. Nobody can discharge me but myself. Back I go to that kitchen, and I'd like to see anybody come out there and discharge me. (*To PEGGY.*) Do ye hear that, Miss, after all these years in his service.

PEGGY. You have brought it on yourself, Biddy. I'll have to agree with father.

BIDDY. Think of that, now, after all these years of faithful service. (*Begins to cry.*) Oh, Miss, I couldn't go into a strange house now; it would break my heart. Sure, no one understands me but you and the master there. I won't be discharged. Do ye hear that. I'm going back into me kitchen this very minute. (*Starts to go off R.*)

PEGGY. Biddy, make some tea, will you? My cousin will be here shortly and I want to offer him some tea and cake.

BIDDY. Indade I will, Miss. God bless your tender heart. I'll make him a cup of tay that'll make him forget home and mother. (*Exit BIDDY. SANTLY and PEGGY laugh.*)

PEGGY. Sure, the only way to keep Biddy is to discharge her.

SANTLY. Well, my dear, I think I'll get my hat and go as far as the Rev. Jones's to meet my nephew. (*Takes hat from hat rack.*) I'll bring him back with me; and be sure that you act the part of an affectionate cousin and make him feel at home. He is rather young, I fancy, and perhaps a trifle bashful in the presence of ladies.

PEGGY (*laughing*). Oh, my dear Dad, I never saw a minister who was. But bring him along and I'll be as affectionate as he will let me. Good-bye, Daddy. Don't let the Rev. Jones keep you.

SANTLY (*going off L. U. E.*). Good-bye, daughter.
(*Exits.*)

PEGGY (*looks at suit case*). I suppose I ought to send that to his room, but I won't disturb Biddy until she has made the tea. (*Looks at end of suit case, reads.*) W. S. William Santly. I suppose they call him "Willie." Now for the tea. (*Exits R. U. E.*)

The portieres at window are pushed aside and JACK GORDON stealthily enters through the window. Quickly closes the portieres and remains in center of room, breathing hard as if after a hard chase. He wears dark clothes.

GORDON. Gee. I wonder what I've got into. Looks like somebody's living room. (*Cautiously peeps through portieres at window.*) I wonder if I've thrown that blamed cop off my track. He certainly could do some sprinting. Well, when they catch Jack Gordon they've got to go some. (*Listens at door R. U. E.*) Hello, there's someone in there. What am I going to do now? (*Sees the suit case.*) What's this? (*Opening the suit case.*) Might be something here I could use. Holy mustard! A minister's outfit. Well, what do you know about that? If this ain't luck, I'm a sinner. (*He quickly takes off his coat and slips the minister's coat, stock and collar on, putting his own coat and collar and tie into suit case.*) Well, I've played many a part in my career, but a minister—gee, who would have thought I'd ever come to this. I wonder what my name is. (*Looks at suit case.*) W. S. That's not much help. Might be Walter, and then again it mightn't. (*Wanders over to table and picks up letter.*) Hello, here's a clue. (*Reads.*) My dearly beloved uncle. I shall be staying a short time in your midst—"Cæsar's mother-in-law, wouldn't that give you the pollywobbles. (*Reads.*) "and shall give myself the pleasure of a visit. Your affectionate nephew, William Santly." Hurrah! I'm William Santly. Good boy, Bill. (*Replaces the letter and crosses to L. with a satisfied laugh.*)

Enter PEGGY, *R. U. E.*, with tray holding pot of tea and two cups. Pauses in surprise as she enters.

PEGGY. Oh, dear, he is here.

GORDON (*turns and sees Peggy*). Oh—er—good evening.

PEGGY (*places tray on table*). You're Cousin Will, aren't you?

GORDON. That's just who I am. And you?

PEGGY. Why, I'm Peggy.

GORDON. Why, of course. You've changed so since the last time I saw you.

PEGGY. But you never saw me before in your life.

GORDON. Haven't I? That's all you know about it. Do you think a fellow is going to have a cousin like you and not know anything about it. My dear Peggy, you don't know me.

PEGGY. Why, you're not a bit like I thought you'd be.

GORDON. What did you expect me to look like?

PEGGY. Well, of course I've never seen even your picture, but somehow I got the idea that you were a sort of—well, you know.

GORDON. A Willie boy, eh?

PEGGY (*smiling*). Something like that. But you're not. How did you ever come to be a minister?

GORDON. It was forced on me. I was a sort of victim of circumstances, as it were.

PEGGY. Won't you have a cup of tea?

GORDON. If you will pour it for me.

PEGGY. Of course. Come, sit down, Cousin Will.

GORDON. You bet I will, Cousin Peggy. (*Sits at L. of table*.)

PEGGY (*pouring tea, back of table*). I had no idea I was going to like you so well.

GORDON. Do you? Say, I think you're the sweetest cousin a fellow ever had.

Enter BIDDY, R. U. E.

BIDDY. Oh, Miss Peggy, sure there's a cop at the kitchen door, Mike Flannigan—he's a friend of mine—and he's trying to tell me that there's a burglar in the house.

PEGGY (*alarmed*). A burglar! Oh, Biddy!

BIDDY. A bank thief, he called him. Gentleman Jack Gordon. The cops have been after him a long time. Now, he's robbed the First National Bank and escaped right before their very eyes. Mike says he could almost swear he came here.

PEGGY. Oh, but that's impossible. My cousin, Mr. Santly, and I are the only ones here. Tell the officer to come in.

BIDDY. I will. (*Exits R. U. E.*)

PEGGY. What do you think of that, Cousin Will?

GORDON. Probably the mistake of some stupid officer. I wouldn't let it annoy you.

PEGGY. But a bank thief. How terrible.

GORDON. Isn't it? Why these fellows will steal has always been a mystery to me.

• *Enter MIKE FLANNIGAN, R. U. E.*

PEGGY. Officer, don't you think you've made a dreadful mistake?

FLANNIGAN. I don't know, Miss. He got away from us along here somewhere, and we've been in the other houses.

PEGGY (*indicating GORDON*). This is my cousin, the Rev. William Santly. We have been here and should have seen anyone who entered.

GORDON. What does this chap look like, officer?

FLANNIGAN. Sure, the rascal ran so fast no one got a good look at him, but he's supposed to be a well built young fellow, dark hair and eyes.

GORDON (*laughs*). Well, that description might fit a million. Me, for instance.

FLANNIGAN. Yes, sir; but it's the only description we have, sir. I'm sorry to have troubled you, Miss, but if you don't object I'll ask Biddy to show me through the house.

PEGGY. By all means. Satisfy yourself thoroughly.

FLANNIGAN (*going off R. U. E.*). Thank you, Miss.

GORDON. I wish you luck, officer.

FLANNIGAN. Thank you kindly, sir. (*Exits R. U. E.*)

PEGGY. Goodness. I wish father was at home.

GORDON. By the way, where is he?

PEGGY. I declare, I forgot all about father. He went to the Rev. Jones's to meet you and bring you back with him. How did you come to miss him?

GORDON. Well, you see, I didn't stop at the Rev. Jones's.

PEGGY. Didn't you?

GORDON. No; I was in too much of a hurry.

PEGGY. Then father must be still waiting. If he has heard about the bank thief he will hurry home, I'm sure.

GORDON. He will be afraid for you?

PEGGY. Yes; but then he doesn't know that *you* are here. If he did, he would not worry.

GORDON. You think this bank thief must be a very bad sort of a fellow, don't you, Peggy?

PEGGY. Oh, a thief. Could anything be worse?

GORDON. But suppose he never steals from the poor or needy? Suppose he selects for his victims the rich crooks who, themselves, are no more than thieves. Suppose this Gordon fellow could tell you that he never steals except from those who are as great a thief as he is.

PEGGY (*in surprise*). Are you making excuses for him?

GORDON. Why, no. I was only supposing a case.

PEGGY. To my mind a thief is a thief, no matter whom he robs.

GORDON. I guess you'd have no mercy on the thief, would you?

PEGGY. I'm afraid not.

GORDON (*seriously*). Yes—I suppose that's just as it should be. A thief is a thief. Well, what do you say to my going to Rev. Jones's to meet your father? You are not afraid to stay alone?

PEGGY. Oh, dear, no. It's father who is always afraid for me. Perhaps you had better go. He may be still waiting for you.

GORDON (*takes his hat*). Good. I'll go after him. Oh, by the way, if that officer comes back, give him this for me, will you? (*Takes a small flat package from his pocket*.)

PEGGY (*takes it*). Why, what is it?

GORDON. He'll probably show it to you when he opens

it. So long. (*Pause.*) I wish you'd shake hands with me before I go, will you?

PEGGY (*laughing*). Why, of course, Cousin Will. Father told me to be affectionate. There. (*Quickly kisses him and runs off R. U. E.*)

GORDON (*stands surprised for a second*). Well, what do you know about that. (*Serious pause.*) God, I wish I wasn't a thief. (*Turns and exits L. U. E. slowly.*)

PEGGY *peeps cautiously R. U. E., then enters.*

PEGGY. Goodness, I wonder what he thinks of me. But I do like him ever so much.

Enter BIDDY and FLANNIGAN, R. U. E.

BIDDY. Sure, Miss, there's not a sign of a thief in the house at all—at all.

PEGGY. Have you satisfied yourself, officer?

FLANNIGAN. Yes, Miss. I don't know where the devil he could have gone. I was right on his heels when he turned the corner beyant.

PEGGY. Oh, by the way; here's a package my cousin, the Rev. William Santly, left for you.

FLANNIGAN (*in surprise*). For me, Ma'am? (*Takes it.*)

PEGGY. Yes. See what is in it.

FLANNIGAN (*tears paper wrapper off, discloses a flat package of bank notes*). May the Lord deliver us, it's the bank's money.

PEGGY. What!

BIDDY. Holy St. Patrick.

PEGGY. What can it mean?

FLANNIGAN. Sure, Miss, if I kin believe me sinses, it means that your cousin, the Rev. William Santly was Gordon, the bank thief.

PEGGY. Oh, no, it can't be. It can't be, I tell you. I won't believe it of him. (*Buries her face in her hands and sinks into chair, sobbing.*)

Enter SANTLY with the REV. WILLIAM SANTLY, L. U. E.

MR. SANTLY. Here we are, William. Peggy, my dear, this is your cousin William.

PEGGY (*half rises, takes one look at WILLIAM*). Oh, Heavens, I knew he'd look like that. Take him away. Take him away. (*Falls back into chair, sobbing.*)

WILLIAM (*standing center of stage*). Upon my word, how distressing.

CURTAIN.

A Rehearsal at Ten

By HARRY L. NEWTON.

Price, 25 Cents

A back of the footlights comedy; 18 males, 13 females. Time, 1½ hours. The curtain rises on an unset stage, where the manager of a show has called a rehearsal at the usual hour, 10 o'clock in the morning. The play proves a failure, the manager decides to put on a vaudeville performance instead and makes everyone take part, from the leading man and lady to the stage carpenter, scrub woman and property boy. The dissatisfied actors and actresses, the ambitious stage hands, the busy author and the disgusted manager are rich comedy parts. Opportunity to introduce specialties. Easy to stage and easy to produce, as whoever plays the part of the manager can have a copy of the play with him during the entire performance.

A Prairie Rose

By EDITH F. A. U. PAINTON.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy drama of the Kansas prairies in 4 acts; 7 males, 4 females. Time, 2½ hours. **Scenes:** 1 exterior, 3 interiors. **Characters:** Silas Wilder, an old ranchman. Robert Raymond, a young physician. Philip Bryant, a young lawyer. Archie Featherhead, a dude. Bill Briggs, a Kansas cowboy. Mose, a darky servant. Ralph Wilder. Rose Wilder, a prairie rose. Lizy Jane, housekeeper. Dorothy, Phil's sweetheart. Agnes, Robert's divorced wife.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Archie has an adventure and tells of his love for Rose. Robert makes a confession. Mose gets a bad scare, and Rose gets better acquainted with her old "pal," Bill. The doctor defines love. "Come on and take it, then!"

Act II.—Rose in love. "Cheer up, Rosie! I ain't a kickin'!" Rose is afraid. "I jest think you've got the purtiest eyes!" Uncle Silas is willing. "It be all right, Doc!" Mose to the rescue. Rose learns the truth. Bill to the defense. "No ye won't, Bill!"

Act III.—Scene I: Bill on track of the "right steer" at last. "Rose loved me fust, an' she'll have me now!" "Curse ye! I'm square with ye now!" Just an accident!" "For—Rose's—sake!"

Scene II: Phil and Dorothy come to an understanding. Rose is still "powerful sot in her idees!" A reconciliation and a parting. "My poor little girl!"

Act IV.—Afternoon tea. Bill finds hothouse flowers too fragrant for his nose. A little domestic tiff that blows over satisfactorily. Silas is very much married. An old friend unexpectedly turns up. "Merciful heavens! It is Rose!" "Back to the prairie!" "Yours, Rose, yours." "That is love."

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers
154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

Aaron Boggs, Freshman

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

College comedy in 3 acts; 8 males, 8 females. Time, 2½ hours.
Scenes: 1 exterior, 1 interior. **Characters:** Aaron from Splinterville. Happy Jimmie Jamieson, a susceptible junior. Beau Carter, a prominent senior. Pepper Jervis, studying repose. Epenetus P. Boggs, a pillar of Splinterville. Mr. Chubb, born tired. Casey Jones, a college politician. Second-hand Abey, who does his friends good. Lizzie Feeny, a waitress but a perfect lady. Mrs. Chubb, a boarding-house keeper. Mrs. Pickens, likewise. Evelyn, Lois, Cherry and Loretta, college girls. Dollie, a vaudeville queen.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.— In college years, when life's at spring,
The old love seems a little thing,
And heads are turned by the college whirl,
And the Freshman seeks a college girl.

The new football star, captured in the railroad shops. "He's going to take plain sewing and cross-stitch." Paw brings Aaron to college. "Aaron made the finest graduating address ever heard on the Splinterville platform." Aaron is hazed and Lizzie Maud meets an old beau.

Act II.— Off with the old love, on with the new,
But often the newer love won't do.
The sweetest rose is the old rose pressed
And I sometimes think that the old love's best.

Aaron president of the Freshman class. "Slaving for eleven students and everyone a hyena in a Norfolk jacket." "I have oatmeal to burn and sometimes I do." The telegram. "Grandson of Stephen J. Boggs, the multi-millionaire." Why did I ever send that telegram? It's all over."

Act III.— For a college life is a thing apart,
And a college love is a whim o' the heart.
And the heart beats true, though the world seems slow,
When you love the girl, you used to know.

"I thought you wanted me for myself, not for my grandfather." "I resign right now." Chubb brings home a load but forgets the wood. "Me working like a slave and him down town making a human faucet out of hisself." "She said she'd take me on one condition—that was easy, I entered with six." It's taken quite awhile to learn where I belong here at college, but I've found myself—and I've found you."

The Fascinators

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

Comic entertainment in one act; 13 females. Time, 40 minutes. A thorough school, open to girls between sixteen and fifty, which gives scientific training in the fascinating game of catching a husband. Introduces specialties and a number of songs, "Stately Lilies," "Cooking Song," etc., which are sung to familiar college airs. It ends with a very clever and amusing "Flirtation" song and drill. Particularly suitable for women's clubs and societies.

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154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

The Dream that Came True

By LINDSEY BARBEE.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy drama in 3 acts; 6 males, 13 females. Time, 2½ hours.
Scenes: 3 interiors. **Characters:** Gordon Clay, foreman of the works. Charles Norton, the wealthy owner. Jack Brown, a cub reporter. Bobbie Byrnes, averse to college women. Billy Best, captain of the 'varsity team. Lord Algernon, straight from England. Nan Worthington, one of the people. Margaret, loyal and true. Mrs. Jenkins, a boarding housekeeper. Angelina, her small daughter. Louisa, one of the boarders. Florabel, a poetess. Mehitable Biddle, a suffragette. Emmy Lou, fond of fairy tales. Mrs. Al laire, the chaperone. Delphine, a college graduate. Peggy, a Browning fiend. Doris, an athletic girl. Nora, a maid.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The impending strike. "It ain't so much the man that makes woman foolish, it's the lack of him." "Being a lady Miss Margaret is being just like you. "If ever the time comes when you need me, I shall stand the test."

Act II.—"The strike's on." Gordon tells of his love for another. Norton refuses to make terms. Gordon plays his last trump. Margaret bids Nan prove that love is sacrifice. "I am to struggle on—alone."

Act III.—"It's good-bye Gordon." "You're a dear, sweet little English Lord but I want to be under the stars and stripes." Nan has her revenge. "The factory girl can be generous." The dream comes true.

Under Blue Skies

By KATHARINE KAVANAUGH.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy drama in 4 acts; 7 males, 10 females. Time, 2 hours.
Scenes: 2 exteriors, 2 interiors. **Characters:** Bruce McCulloch, the man. Dick Warren, Edith's brother. David Joyce, Clare's father. Oscar Weber, a village swain. Old John, the gardner. Williams, a valet. Sleepy Heine. Clare, the girl. Edith, an heiress. Sara, the old housekeeper. Mrs. Weber, a troublemaker. Little Elsie and five neighboring women who have only a few lines.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Mrs. Weber insists on the marriage between Oscar and Clare. "This has got to be settled one way or the other." Clare meets Miss Warren. Oscar finds the letter. "Clare, Joyce is my affianced wife." "If you come near me I'll kill you!"

Act II.—Scene I: Old John and the flowers. Miss Warren finds Clare and Bruce together. Jealousy. The blow. "I'll make you sorry for this!" Scene II: Going to chapel. The love letter. Miss Warren and Oscar come to an agreement. "You'll never be able to hold up your head again." Humiliation.

Act III.—Bruce unhappy. "I was playing with fire and I got my fingers burnt." An unexpected visitor. "Our engagement is at an end." Bruce proposes. The midnight marriage.

Act IV.—The next morning. Breakfast. "Clare is not here." Mrs. Weber's story. "Your prayers and tears come too late." Bruce interrupts. "Clare Joyce is my wife." Happiness.

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The Old Oaken Bucket

By MARY MONCURE PARKER.

Price, 25 Cents

Rural drama in 4 acts; 8 males, 6 females. Time, 2 hours. **Scenes:** 1 exterior, 1 interior. **Characters:** Reuben Hardacre, an honest old farmer. Tom, his son, a chip of the old block. Arthur Ames, true blue. Mark Hayward, a wolf in sheep's clothing. Jake, a rustic lover. Ezra Bobb, the postmaster. G. Whillikens, a neighbor. Rev. Mason, the peacemaker. Martha, Reuben's wife. Lizzie, the light of Uncle Reuben's eyes. Emily, the sunshine of the household. Sapphira, the village gossip. Mrs. G. Whillikens, proper, if not charitable. Miry, a country belle.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—“Reuben, you air so sot.” “Jedge not.” The village gossip makes things lively. The young artist recognizes a villain and also makes a conquest at the old well. Mark’s education and good looks captivate Lizzie. “Meet me at the old log cabin at midnight.” “Oh, Uncle, forgive me.”

Act II.—The early risers. “You read the letter, Tom, I can’t.” Sapphira bobs in. “I shudder to think I might have been drawed away.” Reuben has a word to say to Sapphira. “Ain’t nobody goin’ to say a word agin’ me or mine without gettin’ acquainted with the way to the front door.” True hearts and gingham skirts. Tom goes to find Lizzie. “He’ll answer fer it with his life.”

Act III.—Jake reads the village paper. “Gals is queer critters.” The Artist’s return. The picture, “The Old Oaken Bucket,” that brought fame and money. A stormy night—and a knock at the door. “It’s Lizzie.” The wanderer’s return. “You ain’t been away from our hearts a minute.” “God bless you for your sweet forgiveness.”

Act IV.—Ted’s wedding day. A surprise party. Snow, sleigh-bells and merriment. The country dance. Lizzie’s entrance—consternation. “How’s Mr. Hayward?” The wrath of the sturdy old farmer. Rev. Mason intervenes. Tom asks Lizzie to be his wife. Sapphira wonders—“The idea of him takin’ her when he could get me.”

The Rocky Ridge Vaudeville Show

By WILLIS N. BUGBEE.

Price, 25 Cents

Novelty entertainment. Eight complete vaudeville acts. Characters optional, about 25 males, 8 females. Many of the parts may be doubled so that it can be easily produced with 20 adults and 3 children. Time, a full evening. The leading citizen and corner grocery store wit of a small rural town visits a large city and attends a vaudeville show. He is enthusiastic over it and on his return, with local talent, puts on a similar performance at the town hall, which proves a stupendous success.

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Taming a Tiger, 30 min....	3	
That Rascal Pat, 30 min....	3	2
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Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Treasure from Egypt, 45 min.	4	1
Turn Him Out, 35 min....	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.	4	
Two Bonny Castles, 45 min....	3	3
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2	
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min....	8	
Two of a Kind, 40 min....	2	3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min....	3	2
Wanted a Correspondent, 45 m.	4	4
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Handy Andy (Negro), 12 min....	2	
Her Hero, 20 min....	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min....	1	
Home Run, 15 min....	1	1
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Oyster Stew, 10 min....	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10 min....		1
Pickles for Two, 15 min....		2
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min....	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Recruiting Office, 15 min....		2
Sham Doctor, 10 min....		4
Si and I, 15 min....		2
Special Sale, 15 min....		1
Stage Struck Darky, 10 min....	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min....	1	
Time Table, 20 min....	1	1
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Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min....	1	
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min....		3
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